War Poems 1898

WAR POEMS

1898

COMPILED BY THE
CALIFORNIA CLUB

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
W. H. BULL AND GORDON ROSS

THE MURDOCK PRESS
SAN FRANCISCO

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TO

THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

OF AMERICA

PREFACE

To THE authors and publishers who have so graciously permitted the use of many copyrighted poems in this little volume, the compiler desires to express most sincere thanks.

Permission to reprint the poems has been asked for wherever possible; but a few selections of anonymous newspaper verse have been necessarily used without especial authority.

Cordial acknowledgments are offered to Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: *Leslie's Weekly; Harper's Weekly;* Everywhere Publishing Co.: *The Outlook; The Bookman;* the *Army and Navy Journal;* the Frederick A. Stokes Co.; and the Whitaker & Ray Co.

INTRODUCTION

THE unique position of our country in the late Spanish War, as defender of the oppressed, and evangel of liberty to all the peoples, the precious lives consecrated, the treasure expended to maintain that sacred trust, the prompt, heroic, and dazzling acts of the Navy, the brave, unselfish, and unparalleled achievements of the Army, the vivid exhibition of patriotism, the loyalty and self-sacrifice of the people, the intelligent, interesting, and humane work of the Red Cross Society, awoke the slumbering forces of national life, within our boundaries, hitherto indifferent to the world's progress.

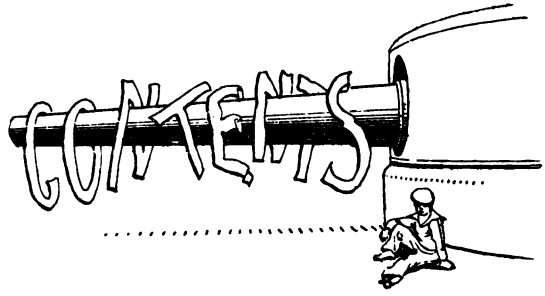
The War of the Revolution left us united colonies, that of 1812 a united people; the Mexican War preserved and extended our frontiers; the Great Rebellion made us a nation; and the Spanish-American War has defined our place among the nations, in whose advance we are henceforth to participate. The fabled potency of Ithuriel's spear, in the Miltonic vision, pales before the complete and vigorous response of the

nation to the touch of patriotism, and the advancing demands of the twentieth century.

The California Club presents this volume of poetry to the public, hoping the sentiments expressed will quicken the loyalty and feed the spiritual life of the people, enabling them to maintain among the nations of the world a potent and masterful influence.

IRVING M. SCOTT.

November 14, 1898.



CONTENTS

CONTENTS

WAR JINGLES

CONTENTS

EACH of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.
Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!

—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

CUBA LIBRE

A PROPHECY WRITTEN BY JOAQUIN MILLER EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

Comes a cry from Cuban water—
From the warm, dusk Antilles—
From the lost Atlanta's daughter,
Drowned in blood, as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries!
Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

She shall rise, by all that's holy!
She shall live and she shall last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lowly,
From the blackness of the past.
Bid her strike! Lo, it is written,
Blood for blood and life for life.
Bid her smite as she is smitten;
Stars and stripes were born of strife.

Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes,
Till she could but yearning heed them,
Reach her hands and try to rise.

CUBA LIBRE

Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her,
Till we scarce could hear a note.
Ah! these rustling chains that bound her!
Oh! these robbers at her throat!

And the kind who forged these fetters?
Ask five hundred years for news.
Stake and thumbscrew for their betters!
Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What reminder
Of one red man in that land?
Why, these very chains that bind her
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise, as rose Columbus
From his chains, from shame and wrong—
Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise a ringing song and story,
Valor, Love, personified.
Stars and Stripes espouse her glory,
Love and Liberty allied.

—By kind permission of the Whitaker & Ray Co.

THE MEN OF THE *MAINE*

NOT in the dire, ensanguined front of war,
Conquered or conqueror,
'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go down
To the still under-seas, with fair Renown
To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.
They struck no blow
'Gainst an embattled foe;
With valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood
They stood not as the *Essex* sailors stood,
So sore bestead in that far Chilean bay;
Yet no less faithful they,
These men who, in the passing of a breath,
Were hurtled upon death.

No warning the salt-scented sea-wind bore,
No presage whispered from the Cuban shore
Of the appalling fate
That in the tropic night-time lay in wait
To bear them whence they shall return no more.
Some lapsed from dreams of home and love's clear star
Into a realm where dreams eternal are;
And some into a world of wave and flame
Wherethrough they came
To living agony that no words can name.

THE MEN OF THE *MAINE*

Tears for them all,
And the low-tunèd dirge funereal!
Their place is now
With those who wear, green-set about the brow,
  The deathless immortelles,—
The heroes torn and scarred
  Whose blood made red the barren ocean dells,
Fighting upon the stanch *Bon Homme Richard*
  With him who dared what none had dared before—
To wave the New World banner, freedom-starred,
  At England's very door!
Yea, with such noble ones their names shall stand
  As those who heard the dying Lawrence speak
  His burning words upon the *Chesapeake*,
And grappled in the hopeless hand to hand;
  With those who fell on Erie and Champlain
  Beneath the pouring, pitiless battle-rain:
  With such as these, our lost men of the *Maine!*

What though they faced no storm of iron hail
That freedom and the right might still prevail?
The path of duty it was theirs to tread
To death's dark vale through ways of travail led,
And they are ours,—our dead!
If it be true that each loss holds a gain,
  It must be ours through saddened eyes to see
From out this tragic holocaust of pain
  The whole land bound in closer amity.

—Clinton Scollard, in *Harper's Weekly*.

"REMEMBER THE *MAINE!*"

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle breaks
  And the ships sweep out to sea,
When the foe is neared, when the decks are cleared
  And the colors flying free;
When the squadrons meet, when it 's fleet to fleet
  And front to front with Spain,
From ship to ship, from lip to lip,
  Pass on the quick refrain,
  "Remember, remember the *Maine!*"

When the flag shall sign, "Advance in line,
  Train ships on an even keel,"
When the guns shall flash and the shot shall crash
  And bound on the ringing steel;
When the rattling blasts from the armored masts
  Are hurling their deadliest rain,
Let their voices loud, through the blinding cloud,
  Cry ever the fierce refrain,
  "Remember, remember the *Maine!*"

"REMEMBER THE *MAINE*"

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be
  Fate's chaos of smoke and flame;
But across that hell every shot shall tell,
  Not a gun can miss its aim;
Not a blow shall fall on the crumbling mail,
  And the waves that engulf the slain
Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks
  With the thundering, dread refrain,
  "Remember, remember the *Maine!*"

—Robert Burns Wilson, in New York *Herald.*

A MESSAGE

To THE men who fought with Decatur,
  To the men who with Lawrence died,
To the men who fell in that blazing hell
  Of Mobile by Farragut's side;
Take to them our message, stern and plain,
Tell them the guns are cast loose again,
    Men of the *Maine!*

This to the men of the ships of oak,
  From the men of the ships of steel,
To the hearts that broke 'mid the flame and smoke,
  From the living hearts that feel,
There is no mizzen, nor fore, nor main,
But all the flags are aloft again,
    Men of the *Maine!*

Not against foes of our own true blood,
  Nor kin across the sea,
But straight in the face of a stranger race
  Who never, like you, were free.
Tell them 't is thus that our guns we train,
    And the sights are lined, and the strings astrain,
      Men of the *Maine!*

HALF-MAST!

Take them these tidings, ye who sleep
  'Neath the murky waves by the Cuban town,
The blow in the night but began the fight
  Which ends when the Spanish flag comes down,
And our guns shall thunder their old refrain,
Tolling your knell from here—to Spain!
    Men of the *Maine!*

—*Army and Navy Journal.*

HALF-MAST!

FEBRUARY 22, 1898

ON every school-house, ship, and staff,
  From Golden Gate to Marblehead,
Let droop the Starry Banner now,
  In sorrow for our sailors dead:
    Half-mast! Half-mast! o'er all the land;
      The verdict wait; your wrath restrain;
    Half-mast for all that gallant band—
      The sailors of the *Maine!*

Not till a treachery is proved
  His sword the patriot soldier draws;
War is the last alternative—
  Be patient till ye know the cause:
    Meanwhile—Half-mast o'er all the land!
      The verdict wait; your wrath restrain;
    Half-mast! for all that gallant band—
      The Martyrs of the *Maine!*

—Lloyd Mifflin.

A WAR-CLOUD

Gods, so long thought dead,
Flap their wings overhead,
  Hover—a war-cloud!
Moloch and Astaroth, Loki and Siva,
Eblis, Asmodeus; famine and fever—
  Grendel, the low-browed!
Singhalese demons, Hebrew and Arabic,
  Ogre and goblin and vampire and ghoul,
  From forest and mountain and graveyard and pool
Greedy or plethoric!

Swooping and darting,
Thronging or parting,
  These make the war-cloud:
Diti and Belial, Nyang and Miru,
African devils, South Sea, and Hindu.
  These bring the war-shroud:
Persian and Saxon fiends, Norse, Madagascan,
  Reeri from Ceylon, Typhaon, Azazel,
  Beelzebub, Biam (devils from every hell),—
The fire-fiend Ahriman!

Quicken once more, when we
Lapse into savagery,
Hunger-demons and spirits of darkness, demons of
    flame and of flood,

A WAR-CLOUD

Storm-gods, demons of plague and of madness, barrenness, and blood;
Demons that devour men's food, with those that steal men's breath,
Bahman, Abaddon, Samaël, with Kali, goddess of death.

—Marrion Wilcox, in *Harper's Weekly*.
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CUBA

On her war-beleaguered island
  Cuba stands and fights alone,
And her awful cry for freedom
  Shakes the glory of a throne.

Stands beside her ruined altars,
  Flame and sword engirdled round;
Sees her maidens torn from shelter,
  Sacrilege on holy ground.

Flame and sword and desecration,
  Wrongs that Satan's self abhors,
All the barbarous, shameless, nameless
  Savagery of civil wars.

O ye synod of the nations!
  Shall you to this struggling land
Give no sign of recognition,
  Raise no voice, uplift no hand?

Vain your teaching, false your preaching,
  While yon royal flag of Spain,
With the cross of Christ upon it,
  Reeks above such fields of slain.

—Madge Morris.

DEMOCRACY

OUR mighty bark, with masts that rake the stars,
  Has lagged too long in port, and we have drowsed
  An idle crew, or with wild mates caroused,
Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars.
But now, at last, with sail taut to the spars,
  For her whose rightful cause our sires espoused,
  Again our ship must steer where blow unhoused
The winds of God, beyond the shoals and bars.
  For still our orders hold, as in the past,—
That glorious day we shook our banner free,
And broke from out the line and took the van,
  With linstocks lit, and bade them follow fast
Who held with us,—to sail and search the sea
Until we find a better world for man.

— William Prescott Forster.
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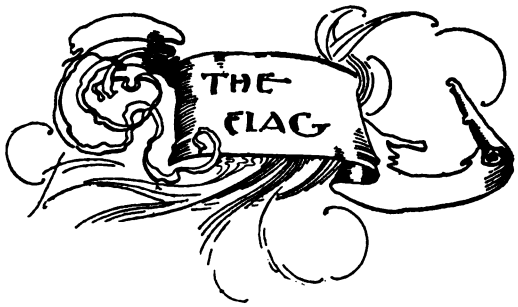


INVOCATION TO LIBERTY

Air: AMERICA

SHALL we whose patriot sires
First lit thy beacon-fires,
    And made men free,
Permit Oppression's might
To crush fair Cuba's right
Or dim thy flaming light,
    Sweet Liberty?

Shall that assassin band
Which struck with coward hand
    Our gallant tars,
Boast that Columbia's guns
Ne'er guard her patriot sons,
Or that from greed she shuns
    The shock of wars?

INVOCATION TO LIBERTY

Forbid it Sacred Power,
Who through war's savage hour
    Preserved our State!
Inspire our President,
Let Spain's dark pride be bent,
Free peace to Cuba sent!
    Decree this fate!

So may our bright flag be
On every sun-kissed sea
    The sign unfurled,
That war's fierce strife shall cease,
Bold Freedom's sons have peace,
And still their power increase
    Throughout the world.

— R. H. F. Variel, Los Angeles, Cal.

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN

BEHOLD, we have gathered together our battle-ships,
near and afar;
Their decks they are cleared for action, their guns they
are primed for war.
From the East to the West there is hurry; in the North
and the South a peal
Of hammers in fort and shipyard and the clamor and
clang of steel;
And the rush and roar of engines, and clanking of der-
rick and crane—
Thou art weighed in the scales and found wanting, the
balance of God, O Spain!

Behold, I have stood on the mountains, and this was
writ in the sky:
"She is weighed in the scales and found wanting, the
balance God holds on high!"
The balance he once weighed Babylon, the Mother of
Harlots, in;
One scale holds thy pride and power and empire, be-
gotten of sin,

Heavy with woe and torture, the crimes of a thousand
years,
Mortared and welded together with fire and blood and
tears;
In the other, for justice and mercy, a blade with never
a stain,
Is laid the Sword of Liberty, and the balance dips, O
Spain!

Summon thy vessels together! great is thy need for
these!
Cristobal Colon, *Viscaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Marie Therese*.
Let them be strong and many, for a vision I had by
night,
That the ancient wrongs thou hast done the world came
howling to the fight;
From the New World shores they gathered, Inca and
Aztec slain,
To the Cuban shot but yesterday, and our own dead
seamen, Spain!

Summon thy ships together, gather a mighty fleet!
For a strong young nation is arming that never hath
known defeat!
Summon thy ships together, there on thy blood-stained
sands!
For a shadowy army gathers with manacled feet and
hands,
A shadowy host of sorrows and of shames, too black
to tell!
That reach with their horrible wounds for thee to drag
thee down to hell;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

WAR POEM

STRIKE for the Anglo-Saxon!
  Strike for the Newer Day!
Oh, strike for Heart and strike for Brain,
  And sweep the Beast away.

Not only for our sailors,
  The heroes of the *Maine*,
But strike for all the victims
  Of Moloch-minded Spain.

Not only for the Present,
  But all the bloody Past,
Oh, strike for all the martyrs
  That have their hour at last.

Old stronghold of the Darkness,
  Come, ruin it with light!
It is no fight of small revenge—
  'T is an immortal fight.

Spain is an ancient dragon,
  That all too long hath curled
Its coils of blood and darkness
  About the new-born world.

WAR POEM

Think of the Inquisition!
  Think of the Netherlands!
Yea, think of all Spain's bloody deeds
  In many times and lands.

And let no feeble pity
  Your sacred arms restrain,
This is God's mighty moment
  To make an end of Spain.

—Richard Le Gallienne, in *Collier's Weekly*.

FORESHADOWING

SHINE soft, as if men slept at ease,
  O stars above Havana town!
Soothe, for the time, the hostile seas;
  And lighten Morro Castle's frown.

For soon beneath your tender light
  Will lie the horrid spoil of war,
And ye shall shrink from such a sight
  As angels and mankind abhor.

Watch o'er the dearly loved we send,
  To cheer them, if you may not save,
Ere they shall find the sudden end
  Of glory's pathway in the grave.

They go with smiling lips and eyes
  Bravely to meet the foeman's ruth,
And die beneath your tropic skies
  In the first ardor of their youth.

Look down with pitying gaze on those
  Whose ghastly faces turn to you
Red with the carmine of the rose,
  Wet with the falling of the dew.

FORESHADOWING

Here, in some pleasant, tidy street,
  Sweet now with prescience of the spring,
Fond hearts with new-found fear will beat
  Lest one blithe voice hath ceased to sing.

O mother with the silvered head,
  That sent him forth with yearning kiss,
Who shall have heart to whisper "Dead!"
  And spoil thy waning life of bliss?

O father with the palsied hand
  That trembles down the list of slain,
He lies in silence vast and grand,
  And it is thou must bear the pain.

He died with victory on his breath
  While round him hail of iron swept;
Pure and devoted in his death,
  Honor—all but his life—he kept.

Shine tenderly on that poor clod
  That wears the hero's war-worn crown,
And light his young soul up to God,
  O stars above Havana town!

—Frank Roe Batchelder, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

COMRADES THREE!

THE EAGLE, THE ARMY, THE NAVY

I AM the Eagle—
On lofty crag I cling,
Hooked there to preen my wing,
And thrill to solitude and floating cloud,
I sail down sunshine, poise and dip, and veer,
Or soar in spiral flight into the sky,
Up, up, until from man I disappear,
And look beneath on rain-gust slanting by;
Cloud-heights drop far below my easy scaling,
I know the stars; leave winds behind me trailing;
Alone, and free, and proud!

We are the Soldiers—
We stand—an army grim,
A silent battle-hymn;
Woe! woe to those who set its chords to roll!
We loom as thunder-clouds, collecting, stir;
We move like current of a mighty deep;
Behind us leave eclipse and sepulcher!
Earthquake and avalanche our onward sweep!
We feel a bracing like an arm sustaining,
A presence seen not, yet a firm constraining,
Power of the eagle-soul!

COMRADES THREE!

I am the Eagle—
Round my lone peak I peer,
Leagues after leagues are clear.
From my keen vision and untiring wing
No foe eluding, doubling, skims away.
I rule where, sign of promise, rainbows curve;
I dare the world, none shall insult my sway;
My aim is certain, and I never swerve;
Between blue oceans over me and under,
I move amid the lightning and the thunder,
To make my crushing spring!

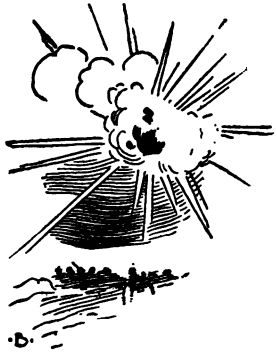
We are the Sailors—
We of a fleet austere,
Bear message urgent, clear.
Guns roar it, searchlights flash it as we roll;
It clings to all the clangs of bell,
Hums in the croon of the torpedo-boat,
Shouts law and gospel, dynamite and shell!
Avenging angel-shapes our smoke-clouds float!
That cry leaps stronger yet from stern eyes glancing,
For flag of fighter daring our advancing—
Call of the eagle-soul!

I am the Eagle—
Mine is a warning cry,
Then gale and storm are nigh.
My wrath pours forth in overwhelming flood,

COMRADES THREE!

Yet my great pinions, for upholding spread,
Bear all appealing to me, all those weak.
Upon a foe I fall like weight of lead,
His eyes, his heart, are mine, are mine to seek!
My gaze is flame, my youth is never ending:
Arouse me not to swift and sure descending.
Behold, my drink is blood!

— Emma Frances Dawson.



SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS

NOT for glory or for plunder, but because of freemen slain,
The Sons of Freedom gather from the mountain and the plain,
To smite with sword and fire at the cruelty of Spain,—
As we strike by land and sea.

There is many a fair plantation that is bearing fruit no more,
Where wives and babes are dying, or the pangs of death are o'er;
There is murder on the mountain; there is rapine on the shore—
As we strike by land and sea.

The youth come down from Boston-town, where freedom first was won;
The rangers and the pioneers ride up with horse and gun;
The East and West are brothers, and the North and South are one,—
As we strike by land and sea.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS

If we ne'er had seen a gun before, our aiming would
be true;
We're used to handling new machines, and mending
old ones, too;
When freemen start to do a thing, they soon learn
what to do,—
As we strike by land and sea.

May the glory of our battle for the cause
of justice plead!
May tyrants know that men of peace can
fight in time of need!—
May freemen's hearts in every land be braver for our
deed!—
As we strike by land and sea.

By old hereditary hate our armaments are hurled;
Our fathers oft o'er vanquished Spain have freedom's
flag unfurled;
For we tread upon a serpent that has coiled round
half the world,—
As we strike by land and sea.

The starry flag that summons us has never known a
stain;
We'll follow it from isle to isle, and bear it back
again;
But ocean's rolling waves shall be the sepulcher of
Spain,—
As we strike by land and sea.

— Theodore C. Williams.

O SONS OF EMPIRE IN THE WEST!

THE earth is rent from zone to zone,
  The waves of conflict clash anew;
We hear afar the ebb-tide moan,
  In Northland tried, in Southland true,
  The tramp of armies in review.
Your camp-fires flash from crest to crest,
  Your Ironclads storm along the blue,
O Sons of Empire in the West!

Or foul, or fair, we sought our own
  Where death puts on its ghastly hue,
And found them lying stark and prone;
  Not slain in dauntless fight we knew,
  When decks were wet with battle dew.
There lay them down to dreamless rest,
  Till Gabriel sounds the last tattoo,
O Sons of Empire in the West!

The Lord of Hosts upon His Throne,
  Will sift the nations through and through,
To Him the hearts of men are known,
  He hears the suppliants when they sue,
  And will repay to each his due.
Let men give heed to His behest,
  Else they may reap the wrath and rue,
O Sons of Empire in the West!

A PRAYER FOR OUR SOLDIERS

ENVOY

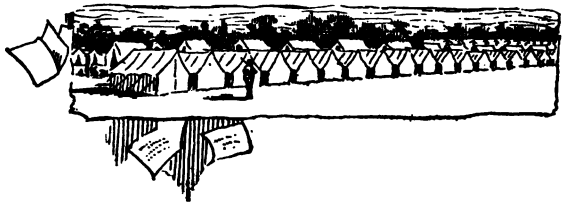
Then peal on peal, not faint nor few,
  As forth you fare upon your quest;
The God of Battles safeguard you,
  O Sons of Empire in the West!

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

A PRAYER FOR OUR SOLDIERS

God guard all our soldiers to-night,
  On the sea or the land.
Father in Heaven, hold them
  Close with Thy powerful hand.
Keep them, O Father, from danger,
  Danger by land or by sea,
Safe for those that love them!
  This is my prayer to Thee.

—Grace Hibbard.



JUST AS OF OLD

OLD GLORY waves again,
Just as of old.
O'er deck and battle-plain,
Just as of old.
Once more the fife and drum,
Summon the hosts to come,
From ocean-side, vale, and town,
Just as of old.

The ploughshare is cast aside,
Just as of old.
The bridegroom has left the bride,
Just as of old.
The mother has sent her son,
Where the grim work is done,
Battles are lost and won,
Just as of old.

Muster the soldiers now,
Just as of old.
Hope high on every brow,
Just as of old.

JUST AS OF OLD

Many a gallant breast,
On rampart and mountain-crest,
Shall find eternal rest,
Just as of old.

Some shall win valor's crown,
Just as of old.
Some their young lives lay down,
Just as of old.
Many a vacant chair,
Shall the sad truth declare,
How dear the price of war,
Just as of old.

When the sad list is read,
Just as of old,
Names of the soldier dead,
Just as of old,
Many a heart must break,
For the loved hero's sake,
Never again to wake,
Just as of old.

Not against brother's life,
Just as of old,
Wage we this bloody strife,
As once of old.
Vermont and Tennessee,
In pure fraternity,
Battle on land and sea,
Just as of old.

JUST AS OF OLD

And when the trumpet
Sounds the recall,
And when the sheathed sword
Hangs on the wall,
Ask what the gain shall be,
Once more a people free,
For liberty, victory,
Just as of old.

—Daniel O'Connell.

A FLOWER OF THE FIRST

WHAT is that? It's only a rosebud;
'T was caught as I marched from camp;
As red as the red of the heart's blood—
Tears made its petals so damp.

Who threw it? I can guess the maiden;
What matters her name to you?
For with love that flower is laden;
It says: "Eyes of blue—be true!"

Did she speak? Not a word, just tossed it—
I'd seen her the night before—
It fell, and she thought I'd lost it;
And cried, for she had no more.

To press it? Never mind—don't chaff me;
Love weighs some flowers with dew;
Ah, sweet, red blossom, with tears we
Whisper: "Eyes of brown—be true!"

Charles S. Aiken,
in San Francisco *Examiner*, May 25, 1898.

ON THE MARCH

Down the cañon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!
Hear the thousand-throated hum,
As the soldiers nearer come!
Eagerly the people crowd:
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum:

Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, tek tek,
Rika-tek, tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden motes
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden-swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,
Wondrous, welling wave of sound,
Till the whirring drum is drowned!
Still our pulses beat in time
To the rhythmic roll sublime:

Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

ON THE MARCH

Now the marching men have passed:
We have watched them to the last,
Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled breast:
Loves and hates and hopes and fears
Waking from the sleep of years,
At our country's calling come,
To the rolling of the drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, tek tek,
Rika-tek, tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek, tek tek.

So the night comes on apace,
Settles on each solemn face:
While we pray with hearts of fire,
While a wistful, wild desire
Follows where the dangers are,
Where the battles blaze afar,—
Till our heroes homeward come,
And we hear the victor drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

— Herbert Müller Hopkins.
(By kind permission of *The Bookman*.)

WHEN OUR SOLDIERS SAILED

UNCLOUDED shone the sun
  On San Francisco Bay;
Sweet was the song of birds,
  When our soldiers sailed away.

And sunlight-glory wrapped
  Our flag, that springtide day,
As 'neath soft azure skies—
  Our soldiers sailed away.

—Grace Hibbard.

OLD FLAG FOREVER

SHE 's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are
sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she 'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars
stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars—
No blur on her brightness—no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!

— Frank L. Stanton.

THE FLAG'S ADVANCE

DEDICATED TO COL. A. S. HUBBARD AND THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

NEW stars are shining in the sky,
  Another constellation;
Red-streaked the clouds beneath them lie —
  Bright symbol of a nation.

Brief and glorious
  Are the years,
  Fraught with a nation's hopes and fears,

Since Freedom's flag
  Was first unfurled,
  And burst in beauty on the world;

Its stripes unbending
  As they rise,
  Reveal the colors of the skies —

Bright beaming stars
  Amid the blue,
  And threat'ning bars of crimson hue.

A narrow marge
  Beside the sea;
  A people struggling to be free —

THE FLAG'S ADVANCE

Framed in a forest—
  Circling shore,
  The blue sky only floating o'er,

The Great Lakes lifted,
  One by one,
  A polished surface to the sun.

Thro' trackless plains
  On either side,
  Missouri rolled its turbid tide;

Its source, unnaméd
  Peaks of snow,
  O'erlooked unpeopled vales
    below.

Across the bison's
  Deep-cut trails
  Now stretch the iron-bolted rails—

To where the vulture
  Broods its nest,
  Beneath the mountain's serrate crest—

E'en where the eagle
  Tears his prey,
  The panting engine finds its way;

And peopled cities
  May be seen
  In all the vales the sea between.

THE FLAG'S ADVANCE

The star-gemmed banner
  Moved before,
  From ocean unto ocean shore,

Outreaching from
  The western main,
  It met the Orient again.

In Heaven's expanse
  The stars are free,—
  So man o'er all the earth should be.

Hail to the flag!
  Its colors rare
  Are flashing in the radiant air

That sweeps from Ceylon's
  Sunlit sea
  O'er islands where the spicelands be;

Beneath its folds
  In that strange land
  Humanity and freedom stand;

It is a sign
  Set in the sky
  To read the pregnant future by;

Another sign
  Such as was seen,
  A blaze in heaven, by Constantine.

THE FLAG'S ADVANCE

Let tyrants heed!
  'Tis God's decree
  That all His people shall be free.

—Robt. A. Thompson.

A SONG FOR OUR FLEETS

A SONG for our fleets — our iron fleets
  Of grim and savage beauty,
That plow their way through fields of spray,
  To follow a nation's duty!
The winds may blow and the waves may flow,
  And stars may hide their faces,
But little we reck; our stars o'er deck
  Still glitter within their places!

Let never a one who gazes on
  This pageant calm but splendid
Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts
  Will gallantly be defended!
A desperate foe may wish us woe;
  But what is their petty knavery
Against the right, when backed with might,
  And Anglo-Saxon bravery?

A song for our fleets — our gallant fleets,
  'Neath flags of glory flying,
That carry the aid, so long delayed,
  To those who are crushed and dying!
And flames may glow and blood may flow,
  But still, with a stern endeavor,
We 'll rule the main, and lash foul Spain
  From our Western world forever!

— Will Carleton, in *Everywhere*.

THE VOICE OF THE *OREGON*

You have called to me, my brothers, from your far-off
Eastern sea,
To join with you, my brothers, to set a prostrate people free,
You have called to me, my brothers, to join to yours
my might,
The slaughterers of our brethren with our armored
hands to smite.

We have never met, my brothers, we mailed knights
of the sea:
But there are no strangers, brothers, 'neath the Banner of the Free;
And though half a world's between us, and ten thousand leagues divide,
Our souls are intermingled, and our hearts are side by
side.

Did you fail to call me, brothers, 't were a fault without atone,
'T was but just to me, my brothers, you should not
strike alone.
The brethren in the slaughter were no more thine than
mine,
And the blows that visit vengeance must be mine as
well as thine.

Through days of placid beauty and nights when tempests toss,
I follow down the billow, my guide the Southern Cross;
Past lands of quiet splendor, where pleasant waters lave;
Past lands whose mountain ramparts fling back the crashing wave.

But I see no land of splendor, and I see no land of wrath;
I see before me only the ocean's heaving path;
And I plunge along that pathway like a giant to the fray,
Who hath no stomach in him for aught that might delay.

I am nearing you, my brothers, for the Western sea's afar,
And the ray that lights my course now is the gleaming Northern Star.
I pray you wait, my brothers, for the air with war is rife,
And in courtesy of knighthood I claim to share the strife.

In the winds that blow about me, the voices of the dead
Are calling to me, brothers, to urge my topmost speed.

THE VOICE OF THE *OREGON*

In the foam that's upward flying in whirling wreaths
of white,
The wraiths of murdered brothers beckon onward to
the fight.

I am coming to you, brothers—wait but yet a little
while,
And on the thunders of our greeting shall the God of
Vengeance smile;
And in the flashing and the crashing the universe
shall see
How we pay our debts of honor, we mailed knights of
the sea.

—H. J. D. Browne.

THE RACE OF THE *OREGON*

MAY, 1898

LIGHTS out! And a prow turned toward the South,
And a canvas hiding each cannon's mouth,
And a ship, like a silent ghost released,
Is seeking her sister ships in the East.

A rush of water, a foaming trail,
An ocean hound in a coat of mail,
A deck long-lined with the lines of fate,
She roars Good-by at the Golden Gate.

On! On! Alone, without gong or bell,
But a burning fire, like the fire of hell,
Till the lookout starts as his glasses show
The white cathedral of Callao.

A moment's halt 'neath the slender spire,
Food, food for the men, and food for the fire,
Then out in the sea to rest no more
Till the keel is grounded on Chile's shore.

South! South! God guard through unknown wave,
Where chart nor compass may help or save,
Where the hissing wraiths of the sea abide,
And few may pass through the stormy tide.

THE RACE OF THE *OREGON*

North! North! For a harbor far away,
For another breath in the burning day,
For a moment's shelter from speed and pain,
And a prow to the tropic sea again.

Home! Home! With the mother fleet to sleep
Till the call shall rise o'er the awful deep;
And the bell shall clang for the battle there,
And the voice of guns is the voice of prayer!

. . . . . .

One more to the songs of the bold and free,
When your children gather about your knee;
When the Goths and Vandals come down in might,
As they came to the walls of Rome one night;
When the lordly William of Deloraine
Shall ride by the Scottish lake again;
When the Hessian specters shall flit in air
As Washington crosses the Delaware;
When the eyes of babes shall be closed in dread,
As the story of Paul Revere is read;
When your boys shall ask what the guns are for —
Then tell them the tale of the Spanish War,
And the breathless millions that looked upon
The matchless race of the *Oregon*.

—John James Meehan, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

THE SONG OF THE BATTLE-SHIP

WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO MR. KIPLING'S BANJO

YOU can speed a cruiser out of range of shots;
  A torpedo-boat can strike and dodge again;
The gunboats hug the harbor near the forts,
  And pelt them with a heavy iron rain.
I put right out to sea and force the fight,
  I lead the squadron when there's hell to pay,
And when a hostile navy comes in sight,
  You should see me get my heavy guns in play.

    With my booming, booming, booming, banging shot,
      Oh, its thunder in the turrets and on deck!
    So I keep the guns a-roaring till they're hot,
      So I throw the shot and shell that make the wreck.

When the moon is hidden underneath a cloud,
  And the hostile little "stingers of the sea"
Threaten sudden death to all without a shroud;
  When it's best to make your will on bended knee;
When the anxious search-lights glare along the wave
  Till the crinkled ocean shines like living sparks;
You may sleep, if God was pleased to make you brave,
  Or lie awake and shiver at the sharks.

    With my booming, booming, booming, banging guns,
      Oh, the rattling rapid fire in the tops!

So we sink the little monster as she runs,
Or blow her into pieces ere she stops.

When I take the open ocean for a fight ;
When my steel-dressed sides are painted solid black,
When a nation's hostile warships come in sight,
And we settle which shall sink and which come back,
Oh, the angry roar of mighty rifled guns !
Oh, the turret thunder-bolts that shake the keel !
When the shells screech with a flying weight that stuns,
And swift, sure shot rip through the tempered steel.

With my booming, booming, booming, banging guns,
I am Justice ; I am Vengeance for the weak —
Minos and Rhadamanthus joined in one —
I am Fate, and naught escapes me that I seek.

When Diplomacy has argued to its end,
When an ultimatum does n't do the work,
I 'm the Prophet which the God of Nations sends,
When it 's time for something solider than talk.
Till I fill my grimy bunkers fore and aft,
Cram my magazines with powder to the tops ;
I have thirteen-inch persuaders ; I 'm the craft
That does the business when the letter-writing stops.

With my booming, booming, booming, banging guns,
I can argue with the strongest foe that floats —
An embassador, of twice five thousand tons,
A diplomat with armor-piercing notes.

THE SONG OF THE BATTLE-SHIP

When the nations are at peace through all the world;
  When they celebrate a ruler's holiday;
When ships are trimmed, and battle-flags are furled;
  When the fighting squadron takes a time for play,
Then I speed my loaded cutters toward the town.
  Oh, the larks that fighting sailors have ashore!
So I bank my fires! let my anchor down!
  Forget my signals and the joy of war.

    Oh, my booming, booming, booming, banging guns!
      In battle-time they always speak for peace.
    I 'm the Sign of the Millennium. How e'er the cycle runs,
      I 'm the voice of Nations, telling war to cease.

—L. B. Little, in New York *Sun*.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT

SHE's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
  A toy, with dainty works like any watch;
A working, weaving basketful of tricks —
  Eccentric, cam and lever, cog and notch.
She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell of steel,
  A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plunging beast —
A long, lean ocean-liner — trimmed down small;
  A bucking bronco harnessed for the East.
    She can rear and toss and roll
    Your body from your soul,
  And she's most unpleasant wet — to say the least!

But see her slip in; sneaking down, at night,
  All a-tremble, deadly, silent — Satan-sly.
Watch her gather for the rush and catch her breath!
  See her dodge the wakeful cruiser's sweeping eye,
Hear the humming! Hear her coming! coming fast!
  (That's the sound might make men wish they were
      at home —
  Hear the rattling Maxim, barking rapid fire!)
  See her loom out through the fog
      with bows afoam!
    Then some will wish for land —
    (They'd be sand-fleas in the sand,
  Or yellow grubs reposing in the loam!)

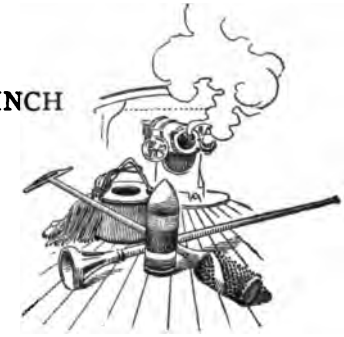
THE TORPEDO-BOAT

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
  A dainty toy, with works just like a watch;
A weaving, working basketful of tricks —
  A pent volcano, and stoppered at top-notch.
She is Death and swift Destruction in a case
  (Not the Unseen, but the Awful — plain in sight),
The Dread that must be halted when afar;
  She's a concentrated, fragile form of Might!
    She's a daring, vicious thing
    With a rending, deadly sting —
  And she asks no odds or quarter in the fight!

—James Barnes.

(By kind permission of the Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers of the volume by James Barnes and R. F. Zogbaum, entitled "Ships and Sailors.")

SONG OF THE SIX-INCH



GODS! but my throat is sore from
screaming!
Gods! but I had hot work to-
day!
Did you see the red hell-fire streaming
From my iron lips, when I had my say?
See me spit out death to the devils
In crimson and yellow across the bay;
Hear 'em shriek as my volley levels
Their walls of stone, their works of clay!

Never a shell I throw that misses;
Where my babes fall men cease to be;
Foemen are blasted by battle-kisses
That I toss lightly across the sea.
Gods! but there's sport in the heat of battle,
In the fierce red blast and the iron rain;
Joy in the smoke and the small arms' rattle,
Cheers of the victors, blood of the slain!

—John A. Heffernan, in New York *Sun*.

SONG OF THE RAPID-FIRES

You may take the thirteen-inchers,
  And the eights and six and fours;
You may take the heavy battery,
  And the rain of shell it pours;
You may take the grim projectile
  And the mighty solid shot,
But we, the rapid-firers,
  Are the guns that make things hot.

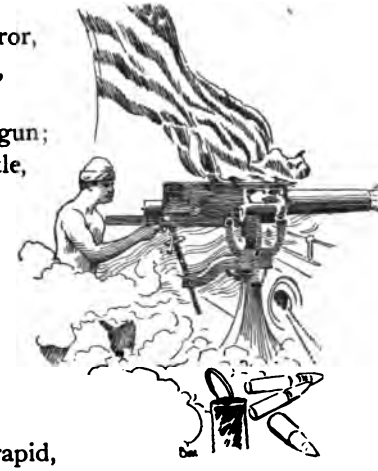
    Oh, it's swift the turrets swing us,
      And with steady, ready ken
    We reach the decks and sweep them
      With their living walls of men!
    It's ping, and sping, and splutter,
      And its beautiful to be
    The tenors in the chorus
      That is sung across the sea!

Swing your broadsides into action,
  Let the forward turrets play.
Hark the thunder of the cannon
  As they dance in death's *chassé!*
Sweep the courses with the squadron,
  Let them give and take again,
Send the foe the thunder-challenge —
  But it's we that take the men!

SONG OF THE RAPID-FIRES

Oh, it's terrible to hear us
  And it's lively when we sing,
As across the heaving billows
  To the foeman's deck we spring.
We are the tenors of the chorus,
  But on starboard or on lee,
We are heard above the thunder
  That is sung across the sea!

We are flame and fire and terror,
  We are twenty to their one,
We are up again and at them
  Ere they charge the heavy gun;
And our lips are red with battle,
  And our throats are hoarse
    with smoke,
When we land upon their
    quarter
  And they feel our lightning
    stroke.



Oh, it's rapid, rapid, rapid,
  Jolly rapid-fires are we,
Singing round the raging turret
  And across the surging sea.
We are brothers to the heavies,
  And we strike where they have missed,
And there's doom upon the quarter
  Where our twenty bolts have kissed.

SONG OF THE RAPID-FIRES

Swing the pounders into action—
  We shall beat the batteries yet!
From the furnace to the funnel,
  Where the naked seamen sweat,
We are heard amid the chorus,
  And they know our surging shout,
As we sing across the waters
  From our triple-steel redoubt.

    Oh, it's rip and roar and rumble
      When the thirteens sink the foe,
    And it's death upon the billows
      When the solid pounders go;
    But it's swift the turrets swing us,
      And with steady, ready ken
    We search the decks and sweep them
      With their living walls of men!

—*Baltimore News.*

THE SHIPS OF SPAIN

THE LAST OF OUR FIGHTING LINE

PERRY and Porter and Bainbridge, hail,
  Men of an elder day,
Heroes who feared neither gun nor gale,
  Bold in the fiery fray!
Jones, the first of our sons of the sea,
  Farragut, bred to the brine —
Cheers for them all, but a three times three
  For the last of our fighting line!

What did the valiant Commodore do?
  Swift at the peal of war
He sailed the orient sea-drift through
  For the isle Corregidor;
Ran the forts with a laugh of scorn
  At the dreaded Spanish mine,
And lay in the bay at the burst of morn —
  The last of our fighting line!

Olympia, *Boston*, and *Baltimore* —
  A gallant squadron they!
And they shelled the ships, and they shelled the shore,
  And they silenced Cavité;
And while the shot went hurtling by
  With a deadly whir and whine,
He watched from the bridge with a kindling eye —
  The last of our fighting line!

THE SHIPS OF SPAIN

Shattered and sunk and beached and burned,
  Woe for the ships of Spain!
Never a prow to be homeward turned
  Over the restless main!
A glorious victory! What of the cost?
  Lo, not a single sign!
For not a man of the fleet was lost
  By the last of our fighting line!

Perry and Porter and Bainbridge, hail,
  Men of an elder day,
Heroes who feared neither gun nor gale,
  Bold in the fiery fray!
Jones, the first of our sons of the sea,
  Farragut, bred to the brine —
Cheers for them all, but a three times three
  For the last of our fighting line!

—Clinton Scollard, in *The Independent.*

ON HEARING OF THE FIGHT AT MANILA

CUBA, thou art avenged! Thy grief and pain
Through agonizing years are not in vain!
The dawn of thy deliverance has begun:
Hark! 't is the sunrise echo of the Yankee gun!
Its peal is heard from distant Philippine,
Where Dewey leads to fight his iron line,
To where stout Sampson blocks the Cuban shore,
Ready to strike one blow—he 'll need no more!
That struck, my Cuba, thou indeed art free!
Shake off despair, thou Queen that art to be!
Discrowned of sorrow, raise thy downcast eyes,
Look up! There's hope for thee in God's blue skies;
Thy sun has risen, deliverance has begun:
Hark! 't is the echo of the Yankee gun!

—L. DuPont Syle, in San Francisco *Bulletin*.

HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE

Ay, that is a story that takes one's breath,
How the men rowed out in the face of death;

Rowed as calmly as fishermen may
Who haul their nets at the break of day.

But never was fish-net hauled in the weather
That rifle and cannon and shell together

Rained on those sailors who drew from its bed
The wise sea-serpent and crushed its head.

Heroes of war are they! Song and story
Shall add their names to the list of glory.

But where is the story and where is the song
For the heroes of peace and the martyrs of wrong?

They fight their battles in shop and mine;
They die at their posts and make no sign.

And the living envy the fortunate dead
As they fight for a pittance of butterless bread.

They herd like sheep in a slaughter-pen;
They live like cattle and suffer like men.

HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE

Why, set by the horrors of such a life,
Like a merry-go-round seems the battle's strife;

And the open sea, and the open boat,
And the deadly cannon with bellowing throat—

Oh, what are they all, with death thrown in,
To the life that has nothing to lose or win—

The life that has nothing to hope or gain
But ill-paid labor and beds of pain?

Fame, where is your story and where is your song
For the martyrs of peace and the victims of wrong?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *The Examiner*.

BRAVE HOBSON

UNDER the guns of Morro
  The Spanish squadron lay;
White wings at rest in that sheltered nest,
  With our fretting fleet at bay!
Left and right frowned batteries,
  And the waiting days chafed so
That we cursed the Fates and the narrow straits
  That guarded well the foe.

Under the guns of Morro,
  On Santiago's shore,
The hurtling shell of the Spanish fell
  With sullen, baffled roar,
As Hobson, gallant and fearless,
  Guided the *Merrimac* past
And the channel blocked (as his vessel rocked
  And sank) to trap them fast.

Under the guns of Morro,
  And back from Death's dark door!
How the Spaniards cheered as the brave crew neared
  Unharmed that Cuban shore!
And blazoned in lines unfading
  Shall Hobson's deed be told
Wherever the stars and crimson bars
  Of our glorious flag unfold.

— Ella M. Sexton.

BEFORE SANTIAGO

WHO cries that the days of daring are those that are faded far,
That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as the hero's star?
Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave of the elder years,
But a song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have proved themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of the sun,
And down with its crown of guns a-frown looks the hilltop to be won;
There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold and his hiding-place,
And he who would cross the space between must meet death face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel shrills and flies;
Where are the fain and the fearless, the lads with the dauntless eyes?
Will the moment find them wanting? Nay, but with valor stirred!
Like the leashèd hound on the coursing-ground, they wait but the warning word.

BEFORE SANTIAGO

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a
shout and a swing,
While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful
bullet's sting.
Now they are out in the open, and now they are breast-
ing the slope,
While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes
of hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber and
on,
With "Up with the flag of the Stripes and Stars, and
down with the flag of the Don!"
What should they bear through the shot-rent air but
rout to the ranks of Spain,
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood
of the boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the
foemen? Gone!
And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the
heights of San Juan!
And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the
elder years,
A song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have
proved themselves their peers!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

SONG OF ROOSEVELT'S RIDERS

WE thud—thud—thud down the dusty pike;
  We jingle across the plain;
We cut and thrust, and we lunge and strike;
  We throttle the sons of Spain!

Our chief has never a tremor shown—
  He's grit cinched up in a belt.
Oh! they must be for their courage known
  Who ride with Roosevelt!

We gallop along the gloomy vale;
  We bustle a-down the lane;
We leap the stream and the toppling rail;
  We burst on the men of Spain!

It's rattle and clash! The sabers flash!
  The Spaniard host doth melt!
It's bluff and grit, and it's all things vast
  To ride with Roosevelt!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE RUSH OF THE *OREGON*

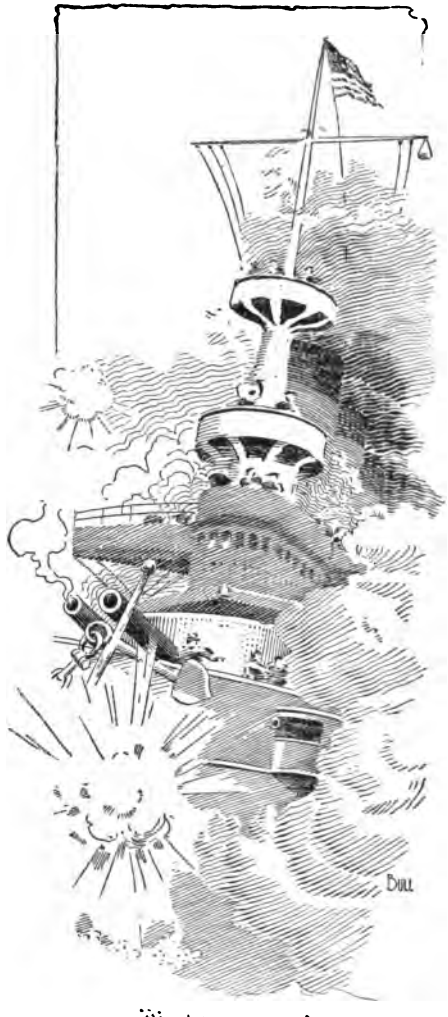
THEY held her South to Magellan's mouth,
  Then East they steered her, forth
Through the farther gate of the crafty strait,
  And then they held her North.

Six thousand miles to the Indian Isles!
  And the *Oregon* rushed home,
Her wake a swirl of jade and pearl,
  Her bow a bend of foam.

And when at Rio the cable sang,
  "There is war, grim war with Spain!"
The swart crews grinned and stroked their guns,
  And thought on the mangled *Maine*.

In the glimmered gloom of the engine-room
  There was joy to each grimy soul,
And fainting men sprang up again
  And heaped the blazing coal.

Good need was there to go with care;
  But every sailor prayed
Or gun for gun or six to one
  To meet them, unafraid.


BULL

Her goal at last! With joyous blast
  She hailed the welcoming roar
Of hungry sea-wolves curved along
  The strong-hilled Cuban shore.

Long nights went by. Her beamèd eye
  Unwavering searched the bay
Where, trapped and penned for a certain end,
  The Spanish squadron lay.

Out of the harbor a curl of smoke—
  And a watchful gun rang clear.
Out of the channel the squadron broke
  Like a bevy of frightened deer.

Then there was shouting for "Steam, more steam!"
  And fires glowed white and red,
And guns were manned and ranges planned,
  And the great ships leaped ahead.

Then there was roaring of chorusing guns,
  Shatter of shell and spray,
And who but the rushing *Oregon*
  Was fiercest in chase and fray?

For her mighty wake was a seething snake;
  Her bow was a billow of foam;
Like the mailèd fists of an angry wight,
  Her shot drove crashing home.

THE RUSH OF THE *OREGON*

Pride of the Spanish Navy, ho!
  Flee like a hounded beast!
For the Ship of the Northwest strikes a blow
  For the Ship of the far Northeast!

In quivering joy she surged ahead,
  Aflame with flashing bars,
Till down sunk the Spaniard's gold and red
  And up ran the Clustered Stars.

Desperate dash and daring rash
  Are grand in peace and war;
But the calm, deep hate that can plan and wait
  Is deadlier by far.

Glory to share? Aye, and to spare;
  But the chiefest is hers by right —
Of a rush of fourteen thousand miles
  For the chance of a bitter fight.

— Arthur Guiterman, in New York *Times*.

THE BRIDES OF DEATH

THERE'S a cleft in the darkling sea-coast wall
That hides the town like a sheltering pall,
And the Morro looks from the precipice crest
At the sheltered ships on the harbor's breast—
At the anchored ships that idly swing,
Flying the flag of the Spanish King.

. . . . . .

"Nail to the mast the yellow and red,"
The grave old Spanish Admiral said;
And the lovely *Infanta* led the line,
And the bridesmaids followed her through the brine—
Followed her out of the harbor mouth
To the fatal tryst in the open south.

Never a bride went down the hall,
In the maze of the dance of her marriage ball,
With so fine a grace or an air so free
As the Spanish ships stood out to sea;
And never the brides of God took veil,
In the darksome depth of the convent's pale,
With so lofty a mien of sacrifice
As they bided the fling of the battle's dice.

Their splendrous standards streamed on high
'Gainst the turquoise blue of the tropic sky;
Their polished brass-work flashes flung,
Like lustrous jewels around them strung;
And their bows were veiled in the filmy lace
Of the spray-comb tossed by the charging pace.

. . . . . .

But, ah, what terrible guests are these,
Fast gliding in from the outer seas,
Gliding along in drapery black
That fumes and pours from the high smokestack?
And, ah, what thund'rous chimes that greet
The stately advance of the bridal fleet?
But is this the peal of the wedding-bell—
This roaring voice, like the voice of hell?

'Tis the wrathsome cry of the pitiless Fates—
The voice is the voice of the sister States,
Of the sister States of the slaughtered *Maine*,
Crying aloud for the blood of Spain—
Battle-ship, cruiser, torpedo-boat,
That rush like dogs at the Spanish throat.

THE BRIDES OF DEATH

Alas for the brides in yellow and red
That out of the harbor so lightly sped,
That reel and faint in the fearful dance
'Mid the choke of the smoke where the lightnings
glance,
While ever mingles the thunder's roar
With the boom of the surf on the nearing shore!

. . . . . .

There were six that steered to the open sea —
The brides and the maids so swift and free —
And six are the corses that line the strand,
Prone in the pools of the tide-left sand;
And the gathering vultures circle high
O'er the stiffened limb and the death-closed eye.

— *Troy Daily Times.*

CERVERA

HAIL to thee, gallant foe!
Well hast thou struck thy blow—
  Hopeless of victory—
Daring unequal strife,
Valuing more than life
  Honor and chivalry.

Forth from the harbor's room
Rushing to meet thy doom,
  Lit by the day's clear light.
"Out to the water free!
Out to the open sea!
  There should a sailor fight."

Where the red battle's roar
Beats on the rocky shore,
  Thunders proclaiming
How the great cannon's breath
Hurls forth a dreadful death,
  Smoking and flaming.

Hopeless! but not in vain:
Ancient renown of Spain,
  Coming upon her,
Once again lives in thee,
All her old chivalry,
  All her old honor.

CERVERA

Ever her past avers,
When wealth and lands were hers,
  Though she might love them,
Die for their keeping, yet
Spain, in her pride, has set
  Honor above them.

—Maxwell Williams, in Chicago *Post*.

CAPTAIN PHILLIP OF THE *TEXAS*

AN INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO BAY

THE fight was won. The Spanish fleet
  In wreck and ruin lay,
With battered hulls and flaming sides,
  Off Santiago Bay.

A glorious victory it was
  Our ships had won that day!
Then Phillip of the *Texas*,
  Off Santiago Bay,

Said to his men, "There is a God!
  Bare every head and pray
With grateful hearts to Him who gave
  Us victory to-day."

The bravest men that ever fought
  Uncovered then and there,
And from each manly seaman's heart
  Arose a silent prayer.

The reverent duty quietly done,
  Then burst the ringing cheers
For Phillip of the *Texas*,
  Who said through manly tears—

CAPTAIN PHILLIP OF THE *TEXAS*

"Don't cheer, my lads; our fellow-men
  Are dying!" Over there
The anguish of their dying groans
  Is on the summer air.

Hushed every cheer, while tender thoughts
  Went out for those who fell
Enshrouded on the burning ships
  And torn by shot and shell.

"The bravest are the tenderest,"
  And none will ever say
More tender words than Phillip said
  Off Santiago Bay.

Hurrah for all our gallant men,
  Columbia's bravest sons;
America has naught to fear
  While heroes man her guns.

—A. M'Boyle, in San Francisco *Bulletin*.

THE BLOOD OF A NATION

I

NOT yet the patriot fire is dead
  That in New England burst to flame
And Freedom's force to victory led!
  Not yet our heritage we shame!

Though slumbering our Country seem
  To hate of wrong, to love of right,
She, let one ray of danger gleam,
  Will rise, a giant in her might.

The sons will prove their father's worth —
  Will hold the flag on land and sea. . . .
Great as the Land that gives them birth
  Their love, America, for thee!

December, 1896.

II

Ah, little dreamed the heart that spake
  Those words, so brief a space ago,
How quick its Country's need would wake,
  And soon the battle-bugles blow!

THE BLOOD OF A NATION

How answered? Let the palm-fringed waves
  Of far Manila's glorious bay—
The sea of liquid light which laves
  Grim-bastioned Santiago say.

There fought the blood of patriot sires,
  Proud is the Flag on land and sea. . . .
O LAND whose stars are Freedom's fires,
  Hail! to thy hero-sons, and thee!

October, 1898. —Ina D. Coolbrith.

ANGLO-SAXON UNION

EAGLE AND LION

Add ye — add ye the Eagle's pinion
To the Lion's tread and his manèd wrath!
Join ye the land and the air's dominion,
Together prevail on the deep sea's path!

MOTHER of Celt, and of Cymric and Briton,
Nurse of lone isles in the Asian main,
Deep in thy heart is the mother-love written —
Whoever sought it, and sought it in vain?

Thou gatherest all with enfoldings maternal —
Races wide-sundered, the fair and the swart,
Sunburnt, or scorched by the frost wind hibernal —
Thou holdest them all in thy cherishing heart!

These are mere aliens — but thou hadst a daughter!
Her firstling words — they were lisped at thy knee;
Thou hearest her voice, beyond the gray water,
How like is the voice — the face like to thee!

Thou hearest her singing Liberty's pæan!
(She learned it from thee, she was rocked on thy breast.)
Its echoes are heard in the Isles Caribbean —
From the seas in the east to the seas in the west!

From thee she inherits a largess of story:
  Thy towers, and thy tombs, and the music eterne
Of the bards who, still chanting of valor and glory,
  Deny that their ashes are cold in the urn!

From thee she inherits the deathless tradition,
  Yet she will repay, and with increase will bless:
The hopes of the race in a fuller fruition,
  Inherit from her — and inherit no less!

Toilers of hers and of thine, in the quarry;
  Riders of thine and of hers, on the plains;
Soon, perchance, proven in sea-fight and foray,
  One is the blood that leaps in your veins!

Mother from daughter who shall dissever,
  Who overthrow the fabric ye rear?
The bond that ye make, it shall bind forever: —
  These shall revere it, and those shall fear!

(Fear it shall they who with Faith would palter,
  Their boast — their reproach — immemorial Wrong!
Fear it shall they — and the red hand shall falter,
  Caught back by the hand of the stern and the
    strong!)

Yours be the power that, o'ercoming, assuages,
  Yours to bind Evil, and Good to release;
By you be fulfilled the dream of the ages,
  Conquer the World — and cede it to Peace!

ANGLO-SAXON UNION

Join ye the land and the air's dominion,
Together prevail on the deep sea's path!
Add ye — add ye the Eagle's pinion
To the Lion's tread and his manèd wrath!

— **Edith M. Thomas.**

TO THE RED CROSS

O Red Cross, blazed on field of white!
  O heart of love on pure ideal!
The great world's grief-anointed sight
  Has found thy color-symbols real.

Thou standest for the mighty throes
  Of human sympathy profound,
That reach alike to friends and foes,
  That know no race or nation's bound.

Untrammeled though by caste and creed;
  That man is man, enough for thee;
His pain is thine; thy chance, his need;
  Thy care, his dole of misery.

Where'er our country's standard goes,
  Its shadow thou, till tumults cease;
Where'er the trumpet's war-blast blows,
  Like echo sweet, thy flag of peace.

A marshaled host thy army stands,
  Untiring in its pledged relief,
Responsive to the high commands
  Of Duty—its accepted Chief.

TO THE RED CROSS

Wherever Suffering lifts her voice,
In wars or devastations dread,
There ye have made your ready choice,
Ye toilers 'neath this Cross of Red.

The ills of soul or flesh ye meet
In service without stint or price:
Death's "Dolorosa" knows your feet;
Pain's "Calvary" sees your sacrifice.

Ye tread within the footsteps sore
Of Him who healed in Galilee,
Who said, "This shall ye do, and more,
Fulfilling God's own ministry."

—Amelia W. Truesdell.

THE EAGLE'S SONG

THE Lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub
Was seized by an eagle and carried up
And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast,
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
"To be stanch and valiant, and free and strong."

The Lion whelp sprang from the eerie nest,
From the lofty crag where the Queen birds rest:
He fought the King on the spreading plain,
And drove him back o'er the foaming main,
He held the land as a thrifty chief,
And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf,
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore;
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
And Industry dwelt with the Northern one.
Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears was the price of the Union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

THE EAGLE'S SONG

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word—Refrain!
And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song:
"To be stanch and valiant, and free and strong!"
For the eagle's beak and the lion's paw,
And the lion's fangs and the eagle's claw,
And the eagle's swoop and the lion's might,
And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight
Shall guard the Flag with the word "Refrain,"
Now that the two are one again!
Here's a cheer for the Yankee ships,
And "Well done, Sam!" from the mother's lips!

— Richard Mansfield, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

WAR-CHAUNT OF THE WOMEN

Ours be the words to nerve, ours be the hands to serve,
While our pale hearts hold commune with the sky;
Never shall flinch nor swerve, never reproach deserve,
Men whose proud mothers once taught them to die.

Father of tenderness,
Soul of the World!
Thou whose sweet breath can bless
Banners unfurled,
Move through Hate's wilderness;
Death's bolts are hurled,
Rob them of bitterness,
God save the world!

Soldiers of Home and Hearth, guardians of Peace on Earth,
Ours the war-summons to work in the rear;
Wan faces own our worth, sinking souls gain new birth,
While we aid heroes, to some woman dear.
By hearth or battle-field, our inner souls we yield,
Soothing Earth's fever, assuaging Earth's woe;
By hearth or battle-field, still our soul's joy we yield,
Easing the death-bed of friend and of foe.

Father of tenderness,
Soul of the world!
Thou whose sweet breath can bless
Banners unfurled,
Move through Hate's wilderness;
Death's bolts are hurled,
Rob them of bitterness,
God save the world!

A. R. Rose-Soley, in *Overland Monthly*.

FROM THE GRAVES

THE watchword of battle by seas afar,
  The watchword of battle, Remember the *Maine!*
  Have the depths of the earth, too, heard the strain,
Hath it reached the realm where the sleepers are?

From the graves that are green, in the heart of the land,
  From the graves of the brave who long since fell,
  To the graves of those who slumber as well,
Deep, and aloof from the cherishing hand.

This was the voice I heard, as I bent,
  In the hush of the day, by the flower-heaped mound:
  "Though ye rest so far from your native ground,
Yet rest ye well, oh, rest ye content!

"Ye died as we died, for her we love,
  For the Many-in-One, the Free, and the Blest;
  She forgets you not, though your place of rest
Is beyond her pale, with the surge above!

"Though, instead of the flowers of this passing May,
  Instead of the wreaths of oaken green
  And the banners that over our ranks are seen,
Yours are the flowers of the wind-tossed spray.

FROM THE GRAVES

Yet our Mother's remembrance with you we share;
  O brothers of ours, O younger than we,
  Comrades who sank through the floor of the sea,
Your names are named, and your fame is fair!"

From the graves that are hid in the fathomless main,
  From the graves of the brave who but lately fell,
  Methought, like the sound of a reef-hung bell,
This murmur came up from the liquid plain:—

"O brothers of ours, O elder than we,
  Regretless we rest, for we gave our all,
  And we died, obeying our Mother's call,
The Many-in-One, the Blest, and the Free!

"For the flowers that are heaped on your place of rest,
  We have wreaths of dulse and the sea-flower pale,
  And the blossom of foam that is shed on the gale,
And the sunset bloom in the homeland West!

"But we dream, as we sleep, a wondrous dream,
  (Do ye dream it, too, in the heart of the Land?),
  We dream there is peace on the Island Strand;
And we seem to see its One Star gleam.

"Saluting with joy the Many-in-One;
  And our Mother's voice we seem to hear;
  'Rest ye, my children, brave and dear,
The work is finished by you begun.'"

—Edith M. Thomas.

AT LA QUASINA

JULY 3, 1898

O THESE dead young soldiers! Strange in a strange land—
Worn by the intolerable heat, tortured by the abominable jungle.
Knowing that each thick, soft leaf might hide the black bore of a rifle.
Almost alone—and the foremost—and the clearest mark.
And yet with but one thought—to fire and fire and get on.
If the inevitable shot must come straight to the heart hotly beating,
To fall mute, and conscious only of the brave moment,—
Remembering no more forever.
But we who remain—we shall remember.

—Agnes McClaren.

THE GRAVE AT LA QUASINA

"The regiment stood in close ranks about the grave, as the muffled figures were lowered gently, the chaplain calling out the names of each. He called the name of mule-packer, salesman, cowboy, and, last of all, Hamilton Fish, Jr., the young sergeant, who was carried to the front to die, and whose watch bore the crests of Alexander Hamilton and Nicholas Fish and the motto, 'God will Give.'"—Richard Harding Davis, in the New York *Herald*.

BURY them, bury them side by side,
  With the tropic grasses bending over,
Where the royal palm, all undenied,
  Shall be their constant lover!

There on the hillside, over the bay,
  Over the beautiful Cuban valley,
Tenderly, tenderly lay them away—
  Where they won their last fierce rally!

Oh, the desperate charge they made—
  The flag of the Stars and Stripes before them—
And never a heart of these hearts afraid
  To strike for the land that bore them!

Peace!—the chaplain is calling their names,
  Peace to the ashes, and dust returning:
But earth cannot cover the light of their fames,
  Or darken the glow of its burning!

THE GRAVE AT LA QUASINA

Cowboy, clerk, and packer are here—
  Fortune's favorite, dauntless and true,—
One, in their scorn of a coward's fear,
  One, in their love for the Blue!

Northland, Southland, East and West—
  Northland, Southland—never again!
West and East in a love confessed
  Over these voiceless men!

Chaplain, call us again the rolls!
  For earth hath never a melody
As sweet as the names of the hero souls
  That strive to make men free!

Leave not one from the shining list!
  Each is something transfigured now;
Over our eyes sweeps a holy mist,
  A shadow is on each brow!

But "God will give" in the days to come;
  God will give as ever He gives:
After the roar of musket and drum
  He knows, He cares, He gives!

And these our mother is taking to sleep
  In her deepest breast, by the Cuban bay,
Shall ever be under the Father's keep!
  And shall not pass away!

—John Jerome Rooney.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER

We used to think the negro didn't count for very
much—
Light-fingered in the melon-patch, and chicken-yard,
and such;
Much mixed in point of morals and absurd in point of
dress,
The butt of droll cartoonists and the target of the
press;
But we've got to reconstruct our views on color, more
or less,
Now we know about the Tenth at La Quasina!

When a rain of shot was falling, with a song upon his
lips,
In the horror where such gallant lives went out in
death's eclipse.
Face to face with Spanish bullets, on the slope of San
Juan,
The negro soldier showed himself another type of man;
Read the story of his courage, coldly, carelessly, who
can—
The story of the Tenth at La Quasina!

THE NEGRO SOLDIER

We have heaped the Cuban soil above their bodies,
black and white—
The strangely-sorted comrades of that grand and glorious fight—
And many a fair-skinned volunteer goes whole and sound to-day
For the succor of the colored troops, the battle-records say,
And the feud is done forever, of the blue-coat and the gray—
All honor to the Tenth at La Quasina!

—B. M. Channing, in Boston *Journal*.

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY

KILLED ON THE *WINSLOW*, MAY 11, 1898 — THE FIRST AMERICAN OFFICER TO FALL IN THE SPANISH WAR

IN MEMORIAM

CAROLINA! Take thy son;
  Lay him in a hero's grave;
He hath rest and honor won—
  Mourn him as ye would the brave.

Ye, his comrades, reverent come;
  Wrap our flag around his bier;
Muffle not the martial drum,
  O'er him shed no pitying tear.

Carolina! Shall we weep,
  That this youth, our hero, died?
Doth he not in triumph sleep,
  And his tomb to valor guide?

Let thy maids fair chaplets weave;
  Aye! let laurel deck his brow.
Why should we for heroes grieve?
  Fame and glory claim him now.

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY

Let a noble column rise,
  'Mid the pines he loved so well—
Teaching all, he never dies
  Who for country fought and fell.

Carolina! All our land,
  By a common impulse led,
Silent, clasps thy tawny hand,
  Stands, uncovered, by our dead.

—Arthur C. Butts.

GRIDLEY

CAPTAIN OF DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE *OLYMPIA* — FIRST IN OPENING THE BATTLE AT CAVITÉ

DIED JUNE 4, 1898

NOT till the fight was done,
Not till the last fierce gun
    Startled the wave,
Didst thou at Death's low call,
Turning thy back to all,
    Sail for the grave.

Glory withheld till now,
Gleamed on thy modest brow,
    'Mid plaudits grand;
Warrior of ocean, we
Waited with wreaths for thee
    In thy own land.

Those that thou lovedst were here,
Yearning till thou wast near
    To tell their pride;
Through many an ocean storm,
Hearts ever fond and warm,
    Sailed by thy side.

GRIDLEY

True as thy ship's good steel,
Hiding with Spartan zeal,
    Thy murderous pain,
In ocean's grandest fight
Thy hand was first to smite
    The brow of Spain.

Firmer than mountain rocks
That breast the storm-cloud shocks—
    With courage proud
Didst thou on fury's track
Iron thunderbolts hurl back,
    And rend the cloud.

Not till thy fame's bright star
Had pierced the mists of war,
    And glittered high,
Did thy choice spirit turn,
And, higher rank to earn,
    Seek the blue sky.

—Will Carleton, in *Everywhere*.

THE HOPE OF NATIONS

EARTH will go back to her lost youth,
And life grow deep and wonderful as truth,
When Peace out of her golden heaven comes,
To break the spell of mad millenniums.

And she will come some day:
Already is her star upon the way!
  She comes, O world, she comes,
  But not with bugle-call, nor roll of doubling drums.
No trumpets clamoring, no shock of shields,
  Nor as of old the glory of the Lord
To half-awakened shepherds in the fields:
Nay, for she comes as music to the mind,
  Stirring the heart's deep chord;
As light unto the blind;
And all her glad evangel is a song,
And all her creed: *Be brotherly, be strong.*
  And she will cry—This daughter of a King:
  Come, let us live the poetry we sing!

Oakland, October 11, 1898. —Edwin J. Markham.

"DIRIGO"

THE MOTTO OF MAINE

WHEN, like a firefly twinkling, darkling, going,
  I drew down principalities and powers.
  Before my name an ancient kingdom cowers.
My force upholds the might your men are showing.
Mine, prose of drum-beat, rhyme of bugle-blowing,
  The rise of foam that round the war-fleet flowers,
  The fall of iron hail from turret towers.
The reckless forward rush, the wary slowing,
  I float, I am your strongest ship. Reflect,
I glide, with your to-morrow, interblending
Until the stars are spent like torches ending.
  Great deeds to-day builds. Who is architect?
The valor that has radiance ascending,
  From yesterday and shadow "I DIRECT!"

—Emma Frances Dawson.

NON NOBIS, DOMINE

LORD God of Hosts, who dost award
  All gifts that make the nations strong,
Who dost not leave the victor's sword
  To rest with carnal strength for long,
In this, our Country's triumph-hour,
Be thine the kingdom and the power!

Thy gift, that courage freemen feel
  Deep-pulsing with their native breath;
And thine the hero's faithful zeal
  For duty done, come life or death.
For all that makes a people free,
God of our Fathers, thanks to Thee!

For songs of hope the millions sing,
  For Union of the palm and pine,
For manhood without priest or king,
  The praise, O Lord, is only thine.
Our regions of the Western star
Proclaim thy promises afar.

When at a mighty people's door
  Our brothers' blood cried from the ground,
When crime its fateful fruitage bore,
  Nor justice, truth, nor peace were found,

NON NOBIS, DOMINE

We rose th' avenger's right to find:
Judge gently, Lord, for man is blind!

Soon rolls the battle-smoke away;
  Soon mercy soothes the stroke of wrath;
The isles will own our happier sway,
  The sea-waves kiss the conqueror's path.
Be thine, O Lord, our Country's gain!
May she not bear the sword in vain!

—Theodore C. Williams.
(By kind permission of *The Outlook*.)

GUARD RELIEF

OUR sentry was black War; with frown and chill,
  Out of the wild blast of his rushing cloud,
Glared faces fierce, of men, of demons ill,
  Ghoul, ogre, fiend, pure Evil rampant, proud;
        That spiritual tide—
          Soundless tempestuous Powers,
        For thronging to abide
          Wherever Combat lowers
        In thought, or word, or deed,
  Who swoop on man, to drag, or thrust or lead.

Gone our blockade and cannonade of foe
  At magic name of our new sentinel.
With this guard move good angels to and fro,
  They strengthen, shield, uplift where they may dwell,
        They ease the true hearts hurled
          Where ever wandereth
        At outpost of the world
          The great commander Death.
        From them, in rout and flood,
  Flee goblins grim, of fire, and ire, and blood.

Of clash-like worlds in flashing, crashing bout,
  Heroic souls who manned our cruisers said
God's hand upheld! How keen their joy devout
  When to the flagship bridge serenely sped

GUARD RELIEF

No vulture, but a dove!
Then vanished vampire host,
Storm-gods below, above,
Before the Holy Ghost!
Slid gun din-avalanches
To murmur of the leaves on olive-branches!

Who keeps us now? A Presence calm, benign,
As soothing as is silence after sound;
With movement soft as needles fall from pine,
Or drifts the snow, or creep the roots in ground;
Whose eyes, that never weep,
Yield grace, the sole release
More than relief of sleep?
This sentinel is Peace—
Not to the quarrelsome
Gleams that white armor of Thy Kingdom Come!

—Emma Frances Dawson.

WAR JINGLES

THE WAR-SHIP OF 1812

SHE was no armored cruiser of twice six thousand tons,
With the thirty foot of metal that make your modern guns;
She did n't have a freeboard of thirty foot in clear,
And she did n't need a million repairing fund each year.
She had no rackin' engines to ramp an' stamp an' strain,
To work her steel-clad turrets and break her hull in twain;
She did not have electric lights—the battle-lantern's glare
Was all the light the 'tween decks had—an' God's own good fresh air.

She had no gaping air-flumes to throw us down our breath,
An' we did n't batten hatches to smother men to death;
She did n't have five hundred smiths—two hundred men would do—

In the old-time Yankee frigate for an old-time Yankee crew,
An' a fighting Yankee captain, with his old-time Yankee clothes,
A cursin' Yankee sailors with his old-time Yankee oaths.
She was built of Yankee timber and manned by Yankee men,
An' fought by Yankee sailors—Lord send their like again!
With the wind abaft the quarter and the sea-foam flyin' free,
An' every tack and sheet housed taut an' braces eased to lee,
You could hear the deep sea thunder from the knight-heads where it broke,
As she trailed her lee guns under a blindin' whirl o' smoke.

She did n't run at twenty knots—she was n't built to run—
An' we did n't need a half a watch to handle every gun.
Our captain did n't fight his ship from a little pen o' steel;
He fought her from his quarter-deck, with two hands at the wheel.
An' we fought in Yankee fashion, half-naked—stripped to board—
An' when they hauled their red rag down we praised the Yankee Lord;

We fought like Yankee sailors, and we 'll do it, too, again,
You 've changed the ships and methods, but you can't change Yankee men!

—Philadelphia *Record*.

A CHANGE OF AMBITION

HORATIUS at the bridge, and he
Who fought at old Thermopylæ;

Great Samson and his potent bone
By which the Philistines were slone;

Small David with his wondrous aim
That did for him of giant frame;

J. Cæsar in his Gallic scraps
That made him lord of other chaps;

Sweet William, called the Conqueror,
Who made the Briton sick of war;

King Hal the Fifth who nobly fought
And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington,
And Frederick, and Wellington,

Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe,
And Farragut, and Grant, and oh,

A thousand other heroes I
Have wished I were in days gone by

REGIMENT SONG

Can take their laurels from my door,
For I don't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid;
The doughty deed that Dewey did,

In that far distant Spanish sea,
Is really good enough for me.

The grammar's bad, but oh, my son,
I wish I 'd did what Dewey done.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Harper's Weekly*.
(Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.)

REGIMENT SONG

THE old flag is a-doin' of her very level best—
She's a rainbow roun' the country from the rosy east to west;
An' the eagle's in the elements with sunshine on his breast,
An' we're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

We're marchin' to the music that is ringin' fur an' nigh;
You kin hear the hallelujas as the regiments go by;
We'll live for this old country, or in Freedom's cause we'll die—
We're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"El Tio Sam"
From the Madrid "Black and White"

HOL' DEM PHILUPPINES.

Mistah Dewey, yo's all right,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Made yo' point an' won yo' fight,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
If dem natives get too gay,
Make dem walk de Spanish way,
Show dem dat yo's come to stay,
Hol' dem Philuppines!

Doctah Dewey, doan' yo' care,
Hol' dem Philuppines?
Let that German ge'man swear,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Reckon dat yo' saw dem first,
Jus' yo' say to Weinerwurst:
"Come en' take dem if yo' durst!"
Hol' dem Philuppines?

'Fesser Dewey, yo' is wa'am,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Reckon yo' can ride de storm,
Hol' dem Philuppines!
Tell him dat yo' will not grieve
If old Diederichs should leave—
Keep dat razor up yo' sleeve,
Hol' dem Philuppines!

REVISED VERSION

A'm'al Dewey, watch yo' kyards,
    Hol' dem Philuppines!
Folks all sen' yo' best regyards,
    Hol' dem Philuppines!
Make dem fo'iners lay low,
If dey 'sist to pester so,
Make dem take dah clothes en' go,
    Hol' dem Philuppines!

—George V. Hobart, in Baltimore *News*.

REVISED VERSION

OLD King Coal
Was a war-like soul,
And he cried in his fiendish glee
To the Spanish fleet:
"You 'll have to retreat,
Unless you 're allied with me."

THE DREAM OF DON MONTOJO

In the harbor of Manila
Lay the admiral's flotilla,
Rocking gently at its anchors in a sort of tropic swoon;
All those shapes of war and slaughter
Slept upon the peaceful water
That was mixed with molten silver from the overflowing moon.

Swung to oscillating lanyards
In their hammocks lay the Spaniards,
Dreaming of the Guadalquiver and the country of the Cid;
Longing for the lovely ladies
Of Seville, Toledo, Cadiz,
And the bulls and señoritas of Granada or Madrid.

In his cabin, Don Montojo
Being drowsy, muttered "Oho!
This is unexciting business for a noble of Castile;
I am weary of the Malay,
I will sally forth and waylay
The pig-pens of the Yankee, and my vengeance he shall feel."

THE DREAM OF DON MONTOJO

Then he said a good-night "Ave,"
And in dreams he ranked the navy
For a great and brilliant victory o'er the ships of Uncle Sam.
Oh, he led them a fandango
From Hong Kong to Pango Pango,
And he chased them from New Zealand to the borders of Siam.

While he lay there softly sleeping,
Up the harbor, creeping, creeping,
Came the lean and trusty greyhounds of the little commodore.
You may say that he was plucky,
You may call him only lucky,
But torpedoes could n't turn him nor big guns along the shore.

Don Montojo woke to wonder
At a sudden burst of thunder,
He had found the Yankee gunners, and they hit him every time;
In the harbor of Manila
Lay the admiral's flotilla
Fifty fathoms under water, 'mid the oysters and the slime.

TO ADMIRAL CERVERA

CERVERA, O Cervera!
  You have got us in a muss;
And the papers, O Cervera,
  They are raising such a fuss!
All the Union is excited,
  Public sentiment runs high—
But, Cervera, you can calm us,
  Was it Sampson, sir, or Schley?

Cervera, O Cervera!
  Won't you set us at our ease?
Tell us who, sir, sent you scooting
  From the Caribbean Seas?
We are waiting, sir, we 're waiting,
  While you fix up your reply—
Please, Cervera, won't you tell us,
  Was it Sampson, sir, or Schley?

Cervera, O Cervera!
  We have been so sad and sore
Ever since our war-ships sent you
  Hard upon the Cuban shore.
Rumor has been hard at work, sir,
  Mixing things, and that is why
We are anxious that you tell us,
  Was it Sampson, sir, or Schley?

FROM "YANKEE DOODLE" UP-TO-DATE

Cervera, O Cervera!
  You were present at the time;
You were there from start to finish,
  All throughout that day sublime.
So, to settle all discussion,
  Sir, who was it caught your eye
On that well-remembered morning?
  Was it Sampson, sir, or Schley?

— Baltimore *News*.

FROM "YANKEE DOODLE" UP-TO-DATE

(Said Uncle Sam "Since I have shot
At hens upon the prairies
'Tis quite a spell, but yet I'd like
A shy at some Canaries."
    Yankee Doodle take a shot,
    Yankee Doodle Dandy,
"For target practice I am told
That yellow birds are handy.")

— Amelia W. Truesdell.

THE MATANZAS MULE

ALL hail the sailors brave and cool
  Of Dewey's bold flotilla;
For Spain has lost another mule
  Away off in Manila.

A piece of shell took off his tail,
  He grinned the shattered bomb at,
"It is our fleet," he said, "that meet
  The foe in brilliant combat."

A solid shot took off his ears;
  He smiled a smile of mystery,
And said, "This will turn out a
  Brilliant page in Spanish history."

His larboard legs were shot away,
  Yet still with smile sarcastic,
"I am not mad," he said, "or sad;
  I 'm just enthusiastic."

Another shot! What fragments those
  That littered up the bay so?
That mule so coy just died of joy—
  The Spanish papers say so.

—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

THE CADIZ SQUADRON

A LA INGOLDSBY

A REPORT — then a whizz
Who knows where it is —
This wonderful, thunderful fleet of Cadiz!
  To-day one just heard,
  It coaled at Cape Verde,
  To-morrow's reports say that's really absurd!
That it's off to Manila,
Intending to kill a
Yankee or two and to sink our flotilla.
  Then it tacks,
  And it backs,
And it goes everywheres,
Then proudly sails back to Cadiz for repairs.

Spain says she's no grander
Fleet to withstand her,
Than that over which Camara's commander.
Yet she sends every day an explicit instruction
To bombastically show her plan of destruction;
"Destroy Pensacola, Buck's county, and Fargo,
Set fire to New York, and bombard in Chicago;

Sail up Philadelphia to Eleventh and Spruce,
Down Walnut or Lombard, whichever you choose —
Fire a salute when you pass Castle Morro,
And get back to Cadiz by day after to-morrow!"

No fleet has such boats, no boats are so fleet —
They 're exclusive, and won't any other boats meet.
They're gaunt as a greyhound — they're phantoms
of light;
They're the ships that you read of that pass in the
night,
And they pass mighty quick so they won't have to
fight.
So they scout,
And they shout,
And go gadding about
Until after while their coal all gives out;
Then they fill up their sails with good Spanish airs —
And proudly put back to Cadiz for repairs!

WAITIN' FER THE NEWS

MULES is standin' idle—
  Grazin' whar they choose;
All depends on Sampson;
  Waitin' fer the news!

Crowds roun' ever' station;
  "Did we win or lose?"
Beats the whole creation!
  Waitin' fer the news!

Ef a mill wheel 's hummin'—
  Ef a house-cat mews,
"That 's a train a comin'!"
  Waitin' fer the news!

Plow stands in the furrow—
  Craps grow, ef they choose!
All depends on Sampson!
  Waitin' fer the news!

—Atlanta *Constitution*.

THE *HIST*, THE *HORNET*, AND *WOMPATUCK*

WHY do our battle-ships scour the main?
What need of big cruisers to thrash old Spain?
When we have a surplus of Yankee pluck,
And the *Hist*, the *Hornet*, and *Wompatuck*.

The Spaniards scoffed at our navy of tugs,
Manned by ignorant sailors and thugs;
But a different tune is sung since they struck
The *Hist*, the *Hornet*, and *Wompatuck*.

They blockade, cut cables, pass forts, and fight,
They are in it at all times, day or night,
And Hidalgos flee when these three run amuck —
The *Hist*, the *Hornet*, and *Wompatuck*.

A toast to brave Jungen, Helm, and Young,
May their praises loud and long be sung:
One foot on the table — boys, "Here's luck
To the *Hist*, the *Hornet*, and *Wompatuck*."

— *Army and Navy Journal.*

KING COAL TO UNCLE SAM

I AM the king of strife and calm—
  Now a whistle and now a moan—
I have seized the scepter and torn the palm
  From the wind on his bauble throne.
My pipe in his face I boldly puff
  Till his rage my soul inspires,
And I draw him down, and his cries I drown
  In the glee of a billion fires!
    Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
      King of the field and foam,
    King of the mountain, hill, and lea,
      King of the hearth and home!

Heir of the lordly limbs and leaves—
  Now a whistle, and now a moan—
And my sires up-garnered in mammoth sheaves,
  On the floors of the world were strewn.
Yet, up through the starless roofs I come,
  And the sentry breezes quail;
And the furnace glow is the flag I throw
  In the teeth of the howling gale!
    Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
      King of the field and foam,
    King of the mountain, vale, and lea,
      King of the hearth and home!

KING COAL TO UNCLE SAM

Tears for the straining sail and sheet—
  Now a whistle, and now a moan—
As the waves ride over the fated fleet
  At the whim of the wild wind blown.
But cheers for the million-muscled oars
  That I make from drops of rain;
For as coal I am king, and the song I sing
  Is a dirge to the fleet of Spain!
    Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
      King of the field and foam,
    King of the mountain, hill, and lea,
      King of the hearth and home!

—E. F. Burns, in the Boston *Globe*.

CUBAN HAMMOCK SONG

SEE us softly swaying
  'Neath the shady trees,
Leaves above us playing
  In the gentle breeze.
Cuba, Cuba Libre!
  That 's the song we sing;
While the shadows come and go,
And the breezes softly blow,
Cuba, Cuba Libre!
  Singing as we swing.

Bless us, this is pleasant!
  Neither thought nor care;
Let 's enjoy the present
  In the drowsy air.
Yanks can do the scrapping—
  Hear 'em bang away!
We prefer our napping
  Through the drowsy day.
Cuba, Cuba Libre!
  That 's the song we sing,
Eating, while we swing in line,
Yankee rations—they are fine!
Cuba, Cuba Libre!
  Singing as we swing.

—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

BUGLE CALLS OF 1898

I got 'm bot'l'd up,
I got 'm bot'l'd up,
I got 'm bot'l'd up in the harb'r,
I got 'm bot'l'ed up,
I got 'm bot'l'd up,
He can't get away at all.
Cervera is worse than old Blanco,
And Blanco is worse than old Weyler,
And Weyler is noisy like Polo,
But Cervera 's run to the wall.

I'm here at Manila,
I'm here near Cavité,
And they 're out o' coal and corn.
They can't use their cable,
Because they 're not able,
They 're mine when I want 'em,
As sure as you're born.

Where 's that fleet from Cadiz,
Cadiz,
Cadiz,
Where in the hades
Is that old fleet from Cadiz?

ALL TOGETHER

Smash it
Smash it,
If it will only show up
You bet we'll s-m-a-a-ash it.

—New York *Sun.*

ALL TOGETHER

We ain't a-huntin' trouble,
But—bless you!—if it comes
We'll answer to the roll call
Of the
Drums!
Drums!
Drums!

We won't be under weather
At the pickin' o' the plums;
We'll answer all together
To the
Drums!
Drums!
Drums!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A SWEET THING

SAID the Spanish fly,
As he fluttered by,
"I 'm versed in various topics,
I 've sipped the sweet
Of things to eat
In all the zones and tropics.

"In crimson flood
I' ve drunk the blood
Of damsels dark, and lighter,
And tasted flesh
Both rank and fresh
Of peaceful folk and fighter.

"But none was rare
As the last bite fair.
'Mong all the clans and classes,
I 've been in luck,
Got badly stuck
On dark-brown Cuban lasses."

—Macon *Telegraph.*

A WAR ECHO

WAKE up early, chillun!
  Day is long and bright,
Sun is working overtime
  To give us lots o' light.
So'gers is a-fightin'
  An' we musn't stop to play,
Ev'y minute's precious,
  Ca'se we got dat tax to pay.

Bees is makin' honey,
  An' de hoss he pull de plow,
De corn's a-raisin' tassels
  Jes' as fast as it knows how.
  De pigs is eatin' faster,
An' de hens is cacklin' gay,
  Ain't no time foh loafin',
  Ca'se we got dat tax to pay.

WHO WILL BE THE FIRST LUCKY MAN?

I 've been looking through the papers,
  Ever since the war began;
Not a paragraph is printed
  That I do not closely scan;
I have read of Dewey's exploit
  There in old Manila Bay;
I have followed Schley and Sampson
  And the rest, from day to day;
I have read of every battle
  On the sea and on the land,
And I 'm bothered — there is something
  That I cannot understand;
Not a man has been delivered
  From a death-wound since the start,
By his sweetheart's little picture
  That he wears above his heart.

—San Francisco *Post*.

LISTEN!

LAND of garlic and tortillas,
Land of xebec and mantillas,
Land of mules and smuggled bitters,
Land of raisins and of fritters,
Land of Pedro and of Sancho,
Land of Weyler and of Blanco,
Land of bull-fights and pesetas,
Land of dusky señoritas,
Land of manners stiff and haughty,
Land of Isabella naughty,
Land of Boabdil and Hamil,
Don't you hear your Uncle Sam'l?
"Git!"

— Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

SOUTHERN CAMP-SONG

HARDTACK in de army—
Hardtack hit de spot;
Oh Maria,
Light de fire,
En keep my coffee hot!

Ginrul Miles, he keep de lan';
Schley, he keep de ferry;
Guv'ment knows des whar I stan',
I keep de commissary!

Purty, purty li'l gal,
Smilin' at de cap'n;
Take yo' place,
En say yo' grace—
Somepin' gwine ter happen!

DEWEY, WHEN YO' COMIN' HOME?

MISTAH Dewey, like to know
When yo comin' home?
Reckon dat yo' mus' go slow,
When yo comin' home?
Sence de startin' ob dis war
Yo' is mighty popular,
Name yo' got done traveled far—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, 'scuse me, please,
When yo' comin' home?
Set us folkses at ouah ease,
When yo' comin' home?
Reckon, from what I infer,
People like to make some stir,
Meet yo' at de depo', sir;
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, proud of yo',
When yo' comin' home?
Want to tell yo' suthin', too—
When yo' comin' home?

Want to whisper: Don't fo'get,
Watch dem kissin' girls, yo' bet!
Hobson ain't done blushin' yet—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, war is past,
When yo' comin' home?
Yo' was in it, firs' to last,
When yo' comin' home?
Like to see yo' when you lan',
Like to grab yo' by the han',
Like to yell to beat de ban',—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, yo' has spunk,
When yo' comin' home?
Made dem Wienerwurstses shrunk,
When yo' comin' home?
Made dem Phillupeeners tame,
Made dem fo'iners walk lame,
Made Ol' Glory glad she came—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, ef yo' please,
When yo' comin' home?
Swung dat banner to de breeze,
When yo' comin' home?

DEWEY, WHEN YO' COMIN' HOME?

Ef dey 'sists to get too gay,
Nail it to de mast to stay,
Den jus' telyfone an' say,
When yo' comin' home?

— Baltimore *American*.

YANKEE DEWEY

YANKEE DEWEY went to sea,
  Sailing on a cruiser,
He took along for company,
  Of men and guns, a few, sir.

Yankee Dewey; Ha! Ha! Ha!
  Dewey, you 're a dandy;
With men and guns, and cruisers, too,
  You 're certainly quite handy.

He sailed away to the Philippines,
  With orders for to snatch them,
And thrash the Spaniards right and left,
  Wherever he could catch them.

And Yankee Dewey did it, too,
  He did it so complete, sir,
That not a blooming ship is left
  Of all that Spanish fleet, sir.

Oh, Yankee Dewey, you 're a peach,
  A noble, gallant tar, sir;
You 're "out of sight," you 're out of reach,
  We hail you from afar, sir.

YANKEE DEWEY

We greet you with three rousing cheers,
  For you and your brave crews, sir;
For the deeds you 've done, and the victory won
  For Yankee Doodle Doo, sir.

Yankee Dewey, keep it up,
  You certainly are handy,
With men and guns, and cruisers, too,
  Oh, Dewey, you 're a dandy.

—O. H. Cole, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.